Weather So Bad That Outdoor Features of First Day Have to Be Deferred.

WELCOME OF WATTERSON

Gracious Words of Greeting from the Gifted Editor, Orator and Statesman.

(By Associated Press.)
LOUISVILLE, KY., June 12.—While rain to-day caused a postponement of the outdoor features of "Home-Coming-Week," the precipitation was unable to dampen the ferver of the greeting extended by Kentucky to her non-resident sons and daughters, and the exercises of welcome day, which were conducted in

welcome day, which were conducted in the armory on Wainut Street, were carried through in a manner both brilliant and grauffying.

Despite the fact that the rain fell heavily just prior to the hour at which the day's programme was to commence, the hall was nearly full when Chairman Ford, of the reception committee, called the gathering to order. Mayor Barth greeted the visitors in behalf of Louisville, and Governor Beckham expressed the pleasure he felt by the people of the State in having non-resident native sons back once more.

Mr. Watterson's Address.

the proof:

Kentucky! Old Kentucky! The very name has had a charm, has wrought a spell, has made a melody, all its own; has woven on its Sylvan loom a glory quite apart from the glory of Virginia, Kentucky's Mother, and the glory of Tennessee, Kentucky's Sister. It has bloomed in all hearts where manhood and womanhood hold the right of way. The drama of the ases, told in plusebeats, finds here an interiude which Fiction valuly emulates and History may not o'erleap. Not as the Greek, seeking Promethian fire and oracles of Delphos, nor as the Roman filled with the Joy of living and the lust of conquest; not as Vikings, springing to the call of wind and wave, nor as the Latin, dazzled by the glitter of spid, mad with the thirst for glory; neither as the Briton and the Teuton, enger for mastership on lang and sea, the Kentuckian, whom we, in filial homage, salute progenitor. He was as none of these. Big in bone and strong of voice—the full-grown man figured by the psalmist—never the Ocean mirrored his fancles, nor snow-clad peaks that reach the skies inspired; but the mystery of strange lands, the savagery of Nature and the song of the green-wood tree.

Love of Liberty.

The star that shone above him and led, him on was love of liberty, the beacon of his dreams, the light of the fireside. He cut a clearing in the wild-wood and called it Home. He read not Romance, he made it; nor Poetry, he lived it, his the Forest Epic, the Illiad of the Canebrake, the Odyssey of the frontier, the unconscious prosepoem of the rifle and the camp, the blockhouse and the plow, the Holy Biblia and the Old Field School!

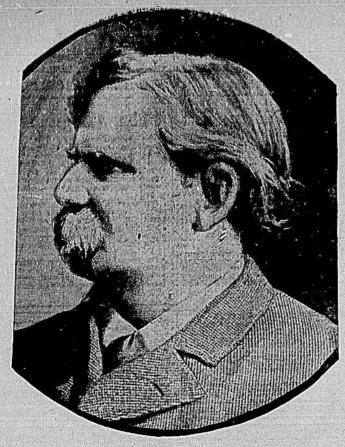
Happy the man who has sat in childhood upon a well-loved grandsire's knee, awed by the folling of the wondrous the; how even as the Dardanae followed Aeneas, the Virginians followed

ed Agnesis, the route from Troy to Tiber not wearier, nor flanked by greater hazzard, than that betwixt the shores of the Chesapeake and the Falls of the Onio; Chesapeake and the Falls of the Onio; the mountains standing, gorgon-like, across the pathless way, as if, defending each delle, to hold inviolate some dread, forbidden secret; the weird wastes of wilderness beyond; the fordless stream; the yawning chasm; the gleam of the temahawk and the hiss of the serpent; yet ever onward, spite of the haunting voice of the Elements, stripped for ing voice of the Elements, stripped for the death-struggle with man, spite of the Silence and the Solitude of reluc-tant Nature, like some fawn-dyed maiden, resisting his rude intrusion; ever onward; before him the promised land, of the hunter's vision; in his soul the grace of God, the fear of Hell, and the love of Virginia!

God bless Virginia! Heaven smile upon her as she prepares to colobrate with

her as she prepares to celebrate with her as sile three centuries of majestic achievement, the star-crown upon her brow, the distaff in her hand, nor spot, nor blur to dim the radiance of her

shield:
They came, the Virginians, in their home-spun in quest of homes; their warrant their rifles; their payment the blood of heroes; nor yet forgetting a proverb the Chinese have that "it needs



Mr. Watterson's Address.

The address of Hon, Henry Watterson was the formal note of welcome, and its struck a responsive chord. No audience could ask for a more graceful welcome, no speaker could desire a warmer appreciation than was endered and the said, in particular to the state of the carbon struckin, always a Kentuckian, From the cradle to the grave, the arms of the mother-land, immortal as the ages, yet mortal in maternal affection, warmed by the rich, red blood of Virginia—the voice of the mother-land, reaching the farthest corners of the earth in tones of heavenly music—summon the errant to the roof-trees shade and bid the wanderer home. What wanderer yet was ever lotal to come? What wanderer set was ever lotal to come? What wanderer yet was ever lotal to come? What grandfather who wore the blue and the grizzled grandfather who wore the gray Soldiers in Both Armies.

Soldiers in Both Armies.

Kentucky, which gave Abraham Lincoln to the North and Josseson Davis to the South, contributing a very nearly equal quota of soldiers to each of the contending armies of that great conflictin points of fact, as many fighting men as had ever voted in any election—a larger per centum of the population than has ever heen furnished in time of war by any modern State—Kentucky, thus rent by civil feud, was first to know the battle was ended and to draw together in reunited brotherhood. Kentucky struck the earliest blow for freedom, furnished the first martyrs to liberty, in Cuba. It was a Crittenden, smiling before a file of Spanish musketry, refusing to be blindfolded or to bend, the knee, for the fatal mitted brotherhood. Architecture of the earliest blow for freedom, furnished the earliest blow for freedom, furnished the first martyrs to litherty, in Cuba. It was a Crittenden, smiling before a file of the fact of the fa

Always Stand Together,
General Grant once said to me: "You
Kentucktans are a clannish set. Whiist
I was in the White House, if a Kentucktan happened to get in harm's way,
or wanted an office, the Kentucky contingent began to pour in; in case is
was a Republican, the Democrats said,
he was a perfect gentleman, in case a
Democrat, the Republicans said the saids
thing; can it be that you are all perfect gentlemen?" With unblushing candor, I told him that we were, that we
fought our battles, as we washed our
linen, at home, but that outside, when
trouble came, it was Kentucky against They came, the Virginians, in their home-spun an quest of homes; their warrant their rifles; their payment the blood of heroes; nor yet forgetting a proverb the Chinese have that "it needs a home have that our the blood of heroes; nor yet forgetting a proverb the Chinese have that "it needs a home have that the forest, and their sweet house of heroes; nor yet forgetting a proverb the Chinese have that "it needs a home have the forest, and the payment the common make a forteres, but only a woman can make a home have the forest, and their sweet hearts; our grandmothers, who stood blood their fowling-plees, to dress their wounds, to cheer them on to buttle, singing their simple requiem over the goal and their fowling-plees, to dress their wounds, to cheer them on the payment of the singing their simple requiem over the goal and the songs of the commonweal that the people of this lovely city, in the name of all the people of this lovely city, in the name of all the people of this lovely city, in the name of all the people of this lovely city, in the name of all the people of this lovely city, in the name of all the people of this lovely city, in the name of all the people of this lovely city, in the name of all the people of this lovely city, in the name of all the people of this lovely city, in the name of all the people of the road provided Commonwealth, to welcome you as Kith and Kin; but you will not expect me, I am sure, to add thereto more than the merest outline of the History of Kentucky as it is known to each and every one of you, from the time when the patch from the savage, to the hour which make the provided with a fregist seal and the heroes, led by Logan and every one of you, from the time when the patch from the savage, to the hour which and the provided way through, the forest, and the heroes, led by Logan and deeds; separating livel into the provided way through the forest, and the h

The Sweet Word, "Home."
Home! There may be worde as sweck, words as tender, words more resonant and high, but, within our language round, is there one word so all-embracing as that simple word Home? Home, "be it ever so humble, there's no place like home"—the Old Kentucky Home; the home of your fathers, and of mine; of innocent childhood, of happy boyhood, of budding manhood; when all the world seemed bright and fair, and hearts were full and strong; when like was a fairy. seemed bright and fair, and hearts were full and strong; when life was a fairy-tule, and the wind, as it breathed upon the honeysuckle about the door whispered naught but of love and fame; and glory strode the sunbeams; and there was no such music as the low of cattly, the whir of the spinning-wheel, the call of the dinner horn, and the creaking of the barnyard gate. Home—

"Take the bright shell
From its home on the lea;
And wherever it goes
It will sing of the sea.
So take the fond heart
From its home by the hearth,
"Twill sing of the loved one;
To the ends # the earth"
For it's "Home, Home, Home," sighs
the exile on the beach and it's "Home,
Home, Home," cries the hunter from
the hills and the here from the wars—

To Honor Foster. To Honor Foster.

To-morrow will be given over to the memory of the man who, although not a native Kentuckian, has perhaps by his gift of song done as much to make the State known among men as any who ever lived within its borders, Stenhen C. Fosier, the author of "My Old Kentucky Home." The model of the status which is later to stand in the Capitol now being erected in Frankfort, will be unveiled and the songs of the composer will be sung by a chorus of 1,607 school children.

TO TWO MURDERS

Throws New Light on Crimes Committed During Reign of Fendism.

IMPLICATES SEVERAL OTHERS

The Confession is Authorized by the Attorneys for the

Prisoner

(By Associated Press.)
LOUISVILLE, KY. June 12.—The
Courier-Journal to-day, in a dispatch from Cynthiana Ky., prints the confession of Curtis Jett, which gives the alleged detalls of the assassinations of James B.

talls of the assassination of James B. Marcum and James Colkrill, and also throws new light on the murder of Dr. B. D. Cox, the three critics having been committed during the rign of feudism in Breathlitt county. The confession is authorized by Jett's atteneys.

Jett says he, Jchn Smith and John Abner killed James Coclfill; that Robert Deaton went after Abner and Smith to aid in the murder, and the Elbert Hargis, James Hargis, Ed. Calinian, Jesse Spicer and Bill Britton are the men who formed the conspiracy.

the conspiracy.

He then confessed to the murder of James B. Marcum, which, he says, was at the instance of James Hargis and Ed.

at the instance of James Hargis and Ed. Callahan.

Jett's statement in regard to the assassination of Dr. Cox is little loss sensational than his asserties in regard to the other murders. He says he was at the jall and heard three shits, after which the telephone rang. He went to Alox. Hargis's house, and Hagis asked what the shooting was. Together they went to Jim Hargis's house, where, in the shadow of the smoke-buse, stood Ed. Callahan, Jim Hargis, Bil Britton, Jesse Spicer and Elbert Hargis, with two shotguns.

BANK OF ARVONIA.

The Labor Question Grows Acute at the Quirries.

(Special to The Tines-Dispatch.)
ARVONIA, VA., June 13.—The State
Bank of Arvonia has opened its doors
and is already doing a thriving busi-Bank of Arvonia has pened its doors and is already doing a thriving husiness, its deposits the first day of the opening being nearly en thousand dollars. The bank is stutted near the Williams Sate Compaly's offices and store and in sight of the passenger atton. The building is a splendid one and is well adapted to it purposes. The postoffice will be movel into the eastern end of the building as non as the roomy are completed.

Mr. Rogen Warren, of Accomac county, is cashier of the bank; Mr. W. P. Venable, of Farmville, the president, and a number of the prominint business men of this place, headed by Mr. Evan K. Williams, are members of the board of directors.

directors.
The Virginia Slate Ompany, a stock

drectors.

The Virginia Slate Company, a stocic company headed by a number of prominent young business nen of Farmwile, will shortly open up a quarry on the Edwards-Roberts trace. The machinery has been ordered, and preliminary work has already commediest under Mr. Will Evans, the company's local manager. This will make the teath quarry here and will probably add considerably to the business activities of the place.

The labor situation here is acute, and work is seriously handleapped by lack of men in the quarry plis. It is hoped here by slate operators that Mr. Koiner's trip to Europe will result in the importation of a large number of reliable laborers, who will come with a determination to locate here permanently. The Polish, Russian, Hungarian ad Austrian laborers who have worked here have never given the best satisfaction, on account of their tendency to rove. tendency to rove.

Will Not Call Case.

Washington, D. Q. June 13.—In view of the practical certainty that no vote could be had on the Senator Smoot case at the present session. Chairman Burrows, chairman of the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, after conferences with friends and opponents of the Utah senator, has decided that he will not call up the case for consideration until next session.

PUSHING CRUSADE

Health Department Warn All That Law Must Be Observed.

President W. T. Oppenhimer, of the City Board of Health, is making a stron-uous effort to see that the ordinance governing the quality of milk consumed n the city is strictly observed, and to

in the city is strictly observed, and to this end he is sending out a form of letter tr the dairymen as a warning cry. Here are some extracts from the circular of instructions:

"First. The Stables—The stables should be kept clean, so that the catile will not become filthy. Dry fodder should not be fed at milking time, and no sweeping should be done just before it, or the dust thus raised will fall into the milk. Where possible, a separate clean shed should be set apart for the milking. The stables should be dry and well, yanthated.

"Second. The Water—The water used for cleaning the palls, cans and for all other purposes in connection with the milk; should be from a source at some distance from the house and stables, so that there will be no danger of pollution by sewage. If not of the best character, it should be boiled.

"Phird. The Cows—Most of the

ger of polittion by sewage. It not of the best character, it should be boiled.

'Third. The Cows-Most of the germs which are found in milk come from the cows. The cow's belly, udder and tail should be thoroughly cleaned before milking to prevent dirt falling into the milk pail.

'Wiping the parts with a damp cloth and drying them just before milking prevents dust from being shaken off during milking. Milk should not be used from sick cows or those whose udders are diseased.

'The first milk from each teat always contains a large number of germs, no matter how clean the cownay be. It is advisable not to allow this portion of the nulk to enter the pail.

this portion of the inik to enter the pell.

"Fourth. The Milkmen-No one suffering from a contagious disease or who has been in contact with others suffering from any contagious disease, such as consumption, typhoid fever, diphtheria, scarlet fever or measies, abould come in contact with the cows or, the milk, or the milk utensils."

Mrs. R. L. Sutherland, of Hillsville, and Mrs. Soseph Ives, of Norfolk, who have been spending some time in Richmond, are the guests of Mrs. Hatcher B ward in Petersburg,

JETT CONFESSES The Lion of the Evening.

By BEATRIX MALLAM.

you'll have to find another!"

"There, there," said Leyden, soothinkly.

"Boatsly sell your going to a dinner party to right." continued Teddy.

"Perhaps, you'll do my dinner party for me instaad?" suggested Leyden.

"You're welcome to it, for of all the slow institutions a dinner party where you don't know a soul is the worst."

"What, when you are the lion of the evening?" said reddy, enviously. Suddenly he was all alive. "Tell you what, Leyden—I've an idea. ("No?" interpoliated the other in so gentle a voice that Teddy flowed on undisturbed.) A ripping ideal You know how often we've been mistaken for each other?"

"Teddy," and Leyden sat up in his chair, "If you are about to suggest the extremely original idea that you should go to that dinner party as the famous novelist (ahem!) Elison Ward, allow me to tell you on good authority that Queene Anne is dead."

Teddy looked crestfallen.

"But, listen." he said, persuasively, walking up and down the room. "Arta explains it;" said Teddy.

"Teddy looked crestfallen.

"But, listen." he said, persuasively, walking up and down the room. "Arta explains it;" said Teddy.

"Arta explains it;" said Teddy.

"You," dear," said his wife.

"You, as an any said his wife.

"You, dear," said his wife.

"That explains it;" said Teddy.

"You, dear, said his wife.

"You, dear," said his wife.

"You, dear," said his wife.

"The explains it;" said Teddy.

"You, dear," said his wife.

"You, dear," said his wife.

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"That explains it;" said Teddy.

"You, dear, said his wife.

"You, dear," said his wife.

"You, dear," said his wife.

"The explains it;" said Teddy.

"You when he came in a little before 12. I asked in much anily over.

"The committee of much and inverting the hearty with the door opened an

time."
"I don't see how you are to manage it," said Leyden, weakly, but Teddy was half way down the stairs.

"You must let me introduce you to my

it, said Leyden, weakly, but Teddy was half way down the stairs.

"You must let me introduce you to my daughter, she is most anxious to know you," said Mrs. Leland to Teddy in her most gracious manner.

As the latter followed his hostess across the room he felt, to use his own picturesque phraseology, "that he was in for it now and no mistake," However, since retreat was impossible, he resolved to pull himself together and to get as much fun out of it as was possible. As for the book, he had read it through more thoroughly, all but the last chapter, which he had only time to glance at, but he could certainly guess at most of what it contained.

Mrs. Leland came to a stop before a pretty dark girl standing in a little circle of people.

"Elsie," she said, "this is Mr. Jack Leyden, who writes, you know."

Teddy bowed. He resolved that nothing should make him gommit himself to any fact about that book. He would be a very lawyer for caution.

However, either Miss Leland did not think it in good taste to begin about his book, or she felt shy.

How thankful Teddy was! "Seems to me I understand what gratitude really feels like, for the first time!" He thought. But, just as he was in the middle of a relation of one of his most barefaced exploits, and just as his auditor was giving him a most interested and bewitching giance out of her violet eyes, who should he see across the room but a great pal of his, by name, Hally Ross.

"Why, Teddy, who'd have thought of meeting you here?" cried his friend.

Teddy's smile of welcome was truly diabolical to witness.

"I say, Ross, you know," he said with what he flattered himself was admirable self-possession, "I wish you wouldn't call me nicknames now, it was all very well at school." This was accompanied by an expressive frown, for had not Mrs. Leland distinctly introduced him to her daughter as Mr. Jack Leyden?

"Ross's face expressed bewilderment, He could not imagine what Branscombe meant by grimacing in that awful way at him.

"Why Bra—" he was beginning, when Teddy selzed h

Teddy seized his arm and dragging him away, said in a low tone-men can't whisper-

lady on his left. He gained an impression of a handsome warm-brown frings which refused to melt into the full brown hair at the sides of the head, and of an expanse of bony neck and shoulders. He turned to Miss Leland. What pretty soft hair she had, and how was it he had not noticed before the length of her

He turned to Miss Leland. What pretty soft hair she had, and how was it he had not noticed before the length of her black lashes?

The lady on his left awaited a pause in his conversation. At last it came.

"I fear," she said to him, "that you have already quite forgotten me? Surely you are Mr. Leyden? Did we not med at Mr. Jones's?"

"Oh, yes, of course! I had not seen who was my neighbor." ("Rather neat, Teddy, my boy.")

"Mr. Leyden?"

"Teddy hecame aware that Mrs. Leland was addressing him across the table, and that there seemed to be an animated discussion going on around her.

"I beg your parton?"

"Did Lady Flo kill Aurelia in 'Dust to Dust,' or did Aurelia du of heart disease? Take pity on our ignorance and enlighten us.

"Must have been in the end chapter," thought Teddy, "where I left off Aurelia was fust going to be married and Lady Flo was to be her bridesmain!" Aloud he said:

"At one time I—er, I meant Lady Flo to kill Aurelia, and another time Aurelia to die, so as I couldn't determine which was best, I ended by leaving it, so that the reader could take his choice."

"So ingenious." "Capital idea," etc. followed on Teddy's rather confused statement. How true is it that "thaking can do no wrong!"

"What did the hero's real name turn out to be? I declare I have forgotten!" exclaimed another guest (anything to drive out the lion of the evening).

"I had no idea that the end chapter contained so much," thought their hapless victim. A brilliant idea struck him.

"That's not very complimentary to my poor book!" he said, then with sendsh "That's not very complimentary to my poor book!" he said, then with anadish "Heat's not very complimentary to my poor book!" he said, then with anadish "That's not very complimentary to my poor book!" he said, then with sendsh "Leiand can enlighten you."

"But I have no doubt Mrs. Leland can enlighten your and successfully disposed out that question, and thenceforth was allowed to eat his dinner and falk to Miss Leland in peace that are the went back to the drawing-room, and Miss Leland insisted on his writing his name in her autograph book. With a glean of mischief in her eye she gravely sough the pen and signed "John Leydun" alle Eise Leland, peopling over the shoulder, how you have changed your writing since has tweek when you wrote in mamma's nhum-look!" and she took up another book, and opening it showed

(Copyright, 1995, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

I.

"I want something to stir me up," said Teddy Branscombe to his special friend and crony, Jack Leyden, otherwise Ellison Ward, author of the fashionable novel. "Dust to Dust."

Jack Leyden larily put out a hand, opened a bracket cupboard that was within reach of his comfortable chair, and abstracted therefrom a spoon. He held it out to his friend,

"Oh! how extremely funny you are this evening, my boy!" said Teddy. "You must really save such brilliant jokes for your next hook, Think of the trouble you'll have to find another!"

"There, there," said Leyden, soothingly.

"Bestely, sell your ming to a dinner." hut her eyes were dancing.

Two years late, in a cozy drawing room, a pretty darked-halred girl was leaning forward in her chair talking to a fair-halred young man in a frock coat.

"You remember that evening when Ted magueraded as you at mamma's dinner party?" she asked, turning two deep violet eyes on her visitor. "I have always wanted to hear your account of what he told you when he came back from it."

"Well, let me see! He came in a little before 12. I asked in much anxiety whether it had all gone off smoothly, and he said fairly, that thanks to his usual presence of mind he had come off with flying colors."

"Uset Ted all over," cried she.

At this moment the door opened and our old friend Teddy appeared.

"Why!" he cried, "here's Jack the Blent-talking? A sign I wasn't here! What may have been the interesting topic?"

"You, dear," said his wife.

"That explains it:" said Teddy.

HE WAS WELL-KNOWN WHEREVER HE WENT

(By Associated Press.)

NEW YORK, June 13.—William J.

Bryan, Jr., arrived here to-day from Bremen, having accompanied his father on his traves

his travels.

"I was surpised," said young Bryah;
"to find how well my father was known
wherever we traveled. They knew about
him even in the wilds of India and China.
They knew, too, that he had run."

OBITUARY.

Burial of Master Wilkinson. The body of William E. Wilkinson, he eleven-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Wilkinson, was sent to Cumber-und yesterday morning on the Chesa-eake and Ohlo train. Interment will be lade in the family burying ground.

Miss Susan E. Williams.

Mrs. Susan Elanor Williams died yes-terday at the residence of her brother. Mr. John L. Williams, Fourth and Grace Streets. She was in her eighty-second

The funeral will take place from St.

James Church this afternoon at 5 o'clock.

Funeral of Mr. O'Donnell.

The funeral of Mr. O'Donnell.

The funeral of Mr. Daniel O'Donnell.
of No. 517 East Leigh Street, who died
yesterday morning, will take place from
the Cathedral at 10 o'clock to-morrow
morning. Interment will be made in
Mount. Calvary Cemetery.
Mr. O'Donnell is survived by his wife
and four daughters—Mrs. D. Hardy Pyle,
of this city; Mrs. George Ray, of Washington, and Misses Annie and Josie
O'Donnell, of Richmond. One brother.
Mr. J. J. O'Donnell, of Newport News,
also survives him.

Mrs. Nannie Preston Summers. Mrs. Namnie Preston Summers.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
ABINGDON, VA., June 13.—Mrs. Namile Preston Summers died here to-da. Bho was the wife of Colonel John C. Summers, who was a member of the Constitutional Convention, and a daughter of Colonel John F. Preston, of Washington county, Mrs. Summers was a sister of Dr. R. J. Preston, superintendent of the Southwest Virginia Hospital, and Rev. Rhaa Preston, president of a female college in Greenville, S. C. Har husband and eight children survive her.

Mrs. Fannie Allen.

Mrs. Fannie Allen.

Whisper—
"I'm Jack Leyden to-night, Jack Leyden, remember." And as the other stared blankly at him, everybody began to go in to dinner, and little Mrs. Leland was at his elbow again saying:

"You will take my daughter in."
"You will take my daughter in."
"As soon as they were seated at the dinner table Tedy took a glance at the lady on his left. He gained an impression."

Anton Schwab.

Anton Comberland: O. F. Anlen, of Amelia: Owen Allon, of New York city, and Mrs. Mary L. Crowder, of Williamsburg, Va.

Anton Schwab.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
WARRENTON, VA., June 18.—Anton
Schwab, aged seventy-two, and an old
resident of this community, died at the
home of his daughter, Mrs. W. E. Bishop, this afternoon, after a lingering illness of some weeks. He is survived by two daughters and

Mrs. Hattie M Collins.

Mrs. Hattie M Collins.
(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
NORFULK, VA., June 12.—Mrs. Hattie
M. Collins, widow of Capt. J. Frank Collins, of Norfolk, died this morning at the
residence of her daughter, Mrs. T. J.
Kilpatrick, 114 West, Highland Avenue,
Brambleton. She was seventy-six years
of age and a highly esteemed lady. She
had been in ill health for a long time. Stanley Strudwick.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
WYTHEVILLE, VA., June 13.—Mr.
Stanley Strudwick, proprietor of Hotel
Otey, of this place, dilad in Cincinnati
last evening, where he had been under
medical treatment for several months
for cancer of the stonrach. Mrs. Elizabeth Waller.

(Special to The Times-Distanth.)
FREDFRICKSBURG, VA., June 13.—
Miss Elizabeth Waller, a well known
indy of Garrisonyille, Stafford county,
died to-day at her home from the effects
of paralysis, aged sixty-dve years. She
was a sister of the late Colonel Thomas
Waller and is survived by four sisters.

Maine Beatle T. Vivil

Miss Bettle T. Hawks. (Riecial to The Times-Disparch.)
PETERSBURG, VA., June 13.—Miss
Bettle T. Hawks died this morning at,
the residence of Miss Ida Harville on
Harding Street. Miss Hawks was eightyfive years old, and is survived by a few
distant relatives.

DEATHS.

BRANCH,-Died, June 18th, at (A. M., MARGARET ELIZABETH, daughter of Louis T, and Florence Branch, aged inhe months.

Funeral THURSDAY at 3 o'clock from residence, 10 South Rawland Street.

WILLIAMS.—Died, at the residence of her brother, Mr. John L. Williams, in this city, on Wednesday, June 18, 1908. Miss SUSAN ELEANOR WILLIAMS, in the sighly-second year of her age.

The funeral will take place from St. James church on THURSDAY, June 14th, at 5 o'clock in the alternoom.

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most reasonable.
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COTTON LETTER

By MILLER & COMPANY

NEW YORK, June 13 —After a fairly goan opening Liverpool developed pronounced weak-ness, especially in the near positions, and cables reported spot cotton difficult to sain There was a sharp decline here in the after moon, the result of heavy stop-loss devering of long cotton, the decline varying from bound the sain of long cotton, the decline varying from bound that the sain of the sain

New Orleans-middling, 114c.

Names of Newspapers.

The Western reporter wore a frock coat and a sombrero.

"Your Eastern newspapers are all right," he said, "but their names have no snap to them. Journal and Times, and Bulletin and Chronicle are the tame ammes, but they are popular here. Now, if you went West—Listen. names, but they he possess
if you went West—Listen.
"The Glaby City Scorcher, the Thomas,
County Cat, the Bristol Whim Wham,
the Saturday Cyclone, the Jayhawker—
Palladium, the Shemeld Conductor
Punch, the Cach City Cashler, the Cheyenne County Rustler, the Kansas Prairie Dog, the Chase County Clipper, the
Burlinghame Brick, the Allison Breeze,
the Axle Broad Ax, the Gully Grip, the
Kansas Cowboy, the Ensign Razzoop, the
Santa Fe Trail, the Hatchet, the Comet,
the Boomerang, the Lawrence Lariat,
the Schrimmidd Soap Box."—Philadelphis

the Boomerang, the Lawrence Lariat, the Springmeld Soap Box."—Philadelphia Bulletin. The Day It Rained. The Day It Rained.

The lands were parched and dry, The sprass was withered and the tall corpstalks bowed their sun-browned head; and seemed to cry for moisture. The river bods showed signs of dust and the streams and springs were unmarked by even a drop of water. The tarmers world in despair. The clouds refused to sprinkle their preclous drops of rain on the land and rapidly the crops were becoming ruined. Rain-makers were employed without success. Every effort was seemingly eshausted when relief came and the rain fell. The village church had gives a plenic.—Puck.

Millionaire in Sad Plight.

Congress is asked to plive the deplorable condition of Millionaire Beeman of chewing gum fame for his "total inashility to perform manual labor," and to show this plity by increasing the disabled one's pension as a veteran of the Civil War from \$1 to \$12 a month. "Plivith sorrows of a poor old man," whosa trembling limbs can scarcely bear his body to the private car that waits to take him to Florida in winter and return with him to the White Mountains in summer! He should by all means have the extra \$4 to help him along or his placked and painful way. Think what a sum it is under such pressing circumstances! Forty-eight dollars a year added to the 196 that he already draws in pension checks will be quite a help to the aged man.—Fortland Oregonian.

The average expenses of the mea in the graduating class of Yale College are said to have been \$4.148 for the four years, according to the class book editor. The graduats sum expended by one student in a single year was \$7,550 and the lower \$100.